

PEACE NEWS

No. 599 December 19, 1947 3d.

Britain's policy in Germany

IS IT REVENGE OR RECONSTRUCTION

asks J. B. HYND, M.P.

"The only way out of the mess is to let Germany get going with everything she has left. That will give her some hope, some scope to work for her own benefit. It will give the workers something to work for—not paper money, but goods that can be bought with the money. It will give the industrialists an impetus to produce and sell on the regular, instead of the black market."

THIS opinion was forcibly expressed by Mr. J. B. Hynd when he spoke at the last National Peace Council lunch-hour meeting of the present series on Dec. 10.

It was intended that Lord Pakenham, who succeeded Mr. Hynd as Minister in charge of German and Austrian affairs, should have spoken on "British Policy in Germany," but he was unable to do so because of the Conference of Foreign Ministers.

Mr. Hynd outlined the by now familiar aims of the Potsdam Agreement: German economic unity, reparations, establishment of democratic institutions and government.

None of the agreed policy had been carried out. The Eastern Zone had become hermetically sealed. Without any coherent plan, the German economy remains in a state of collapse. Whilst, contrary to arrangements made, the Russians have drawn reparations from current production, Britain has paid for the timber and other goods which she had taken out of the country. The Eastern and Western Zones might just as well be separate sovereign countries so far as an interchange of goods worth speaking about is concerned.

REPARATIONS

"Reparations from current productions," said the speaker, "should be ruled out so long as Germany is unable to pay for her own needs." As for reparations from surplus plant, the outstanding fact is that every building, every machine, every tool to be found in Germany today is needed for the job of rehabilitation.

To go on with the present programme of demolition means starting on a programme that will last two or three years, drawing many thousands of skilled and unskilled German workmen out of production. To carry it out we must have the co-operation of the German Trade Unions and the German political parties. Are we building up these organisations only to discredit them in the eyes of the people by forcing them into collaboration with the occupying powers?

It was asked, "Can Germany be trusted?" If not, why do we continue to pour food into the country? Why create democratic parties, trade unions and authorities if all or most of the Germans were really Nazis at heart? Did anyone really believe that Germany could be a threat to the whole United Nations now or for years to come? Mr. Hynd himself rejected the thesis that Germans were essentially different from other peoples.

Was our policy revenge or reconstruction? If reconstruction, let us cease from futile temporising while Germany rots, and the new "democracy in chains" we were imposing on her became a thing of mockery and futility in the eyes of her people. Otherwise we must fail, and in our failure achieve nothing but the destruction of all democratic inspiration, and the creation of a new spirit of bitter frustration and a new hatred which would one day prove a real menace to world peace and security.

John Hoyland on

PEACE THROUGH WORLD GOVERNMENT

—and Bertrand Russell on how to get there

ON Thursday last week, the newspapers carried details of the new Air-Raid Precautions devised by the British Government. That evening, John Hoyland, addressing a large meeting convened by the Student Movement for World Government at London University, reported that in the considered opinion of the leader of the British atomic research team:

there was no secret about the atomic bomb;
Great Britain was the ideal target for it;
Great Britain could survive atomic war for fifteen minutes at most;
how to keep out of atomic war should be our one overriding concern.

"Who has ordered this ARP?" John Hoyland asked: "Presumably the Combined General Staff in Washington, where already there are people clamouring for preventive war." He cited James Burnham's new book, "The Struggle for the World," in which war is not only declared inevitable, but called for as soon as possible, "in the name of a godless, conscienceless imperialism."

He cited also the book, "One World or None," widely read in the USA (though unaccountably neglected over here), in which "cool, clear scientific and technical reasoning" unfolds the appalling nature of such a war. In the view of the atomic scientists, to forestall the possibility of reprisals, a salvo of 1,000 bombs, each 1,000 times as strong as that dropped on Nagasaki, would be required. Only think of what that means!

The logic of history

"We stand at the most perilous point in the whole history of humanity. War must be stopped now, or it will destroy us all." The logic of history showed that there was only one way in which peace could be secured, and that was by the establishment of World Federal Government. What was needed was men like Alexander Hamilton who, derided as an idealist because he refused to take part in the civil wars of the American States in 1787 ("I am an American first, and a New Yorker second") succeeded, nevertheless, in calling the conference at Philadelphia from which the U.S. Constitution arose.

"What man has done, man can do," John Hoyland concluded.

The Vice-President of Federal Union, Bertrand Russell, who spoke after John Hoyland at this meeting, took account of some of the difficulties in the way.

Having stressed the fact that war could only result in a total relapse

into barbarism, even if it did not exterminate the human species, he proceeded to assert that World Government could be established by the victory of America or Russia in war.

"The need for a single authority, controlling all the armed forces in the world, is so incomparably more urgent than anything else today," he remarked, "that I would even counsel America to submit to Russia, if I thought there was the slightest chance of its doing so—but there is not."

Third alternative

A third alternative, however, remained. World Government could be established by agreement between the Powers. At present the greatest obstacle to such agreement was the Soviet Government, which had already rejected the Baruch Plan, and looked for ulterior motives behind every conciliatory gesture. But if all other States pooled their resources—and substantial economic inducements could be offered to those, like China and Italy, which would probably hesitate—Russia might find it to her interest to come in.

He gave no reason, however, for thinking that the Soviet Government would be more attracted than than now, and several reasons for thinking the reverse. He concluded, therefore, that coercion would probably have to be applied.

"The Russians will have to be induced to come in by fear. However distasteful that prospect is, we shall be engaged on a wild goose chase if we do not face up to it. It may be necessary to be ruthless in the pursuit of peace."

Fear, Lord Russell continued, was the source of most of the cruelty in the world. With the establishment of World Government, therefore, not only would poverty, but cruelty itself

Christmas

Greetings to

PRISONERS-OF-WAR

still detained in Britain and the Middle East, and your families in Germany. Peace News will not cease to remind the British Government of its promise to liberate those of you who are in Britain before the end of the New Year, and to protest against the iniquity of its refusal to allow those of you in the Middle East to rejoin your families for an indefinite period. May this be your last Christmas in captivity!

WAR RESISTERS AND C.O.s

in many countries who will be in prison on Christmas Day; the C.O.s awaiting an amnesty in the United States; those serving in the Alternative Service Camp in Denmark and those awaiting sentences in Spain and Italy.

Readers are invited to send Christmas or New Year Greeting Cards (but not letters which would interfere with mail from their families) to the following prisoners:

in Holland

Maarten Kaay: Koos van der Waals; Theo van Vliet; Bouke Houtman and Oene Benedictus. Address: Jeugdvangenis, Zutphen.
Aldert Tas. Address: Strafgangenis, Hertogenbosch.

in Switzerland

Alfred Lindegger. Address: 9 Kantstrafanstalt, Regensdorf, bei Zurich.
Rene Bovard. Address: Penitencier Cantonal Vaudois, Boetzberg.

in Britain

Raymond G. Abbott; John McLennan; Peter J. Walsh; Louis Harley; D. L. McKone; R. W. Gibbs; W. H. Walker, all at H.M. Prison, Wormwood Scrubs, London, W.12.
Leon Pettit, H.M. Prison, Swansea, South Wales; Gordon G. Miles, H.M. Prison, Stafford; Derek Laversack, H.M. Prison, Durham; Raymond V. Hill, H.M. Prison, Leeds, Yorks; Richard F. Jolley, H.M. Prison, Maidstone, Kent; Dennis Clare, H.M. Prison, Winchester, Hants; Pte. Edgar Paul, 1423555, Colchester Military Detention Barracks, Colchester Essex; Gnr. D. Waterhouse, 19040467, B. Battery, Field Wing, R.A. Depot, Woolwich, London, S.E.18.



be possible to overcome. "I hope this Government will be a good one, I expect it will be a bad," he said, and painted in glowing colours the world it would one day control.

To some of us, the great logician's third alternative sounded remarkably like his first—and not wholly unlike the result of not establishing World Government at all.

CHRISTMAS OVER EUROPE

THE third Christmas after the Second World War finds a less settled Europe than even that of the years before the battles fought to "settle it."

To all those outside the ranks of Communism's wishful-thinking Fifth Column, it has become appallingly clear that Mr. Molotov and the Government which he represents prefer the success of their disruptive propaganda to the best attainable agreement. The reasons for this preference are all too evident, since a chaotic Germany is likely to be far more receptive to such propaganda than an orderly country returning to normal.

Throughout Germany today a deep conflict is in progress between the constructive impulses which are specially noticeable in the youngest adult generation, and the tempestuous forces inevitably bred by hunger, hopelessness and dispossession. The expectations aroused by the Marshall Plan and the practical help given by such organisations as Friends Relief Service and Save Europe Now strengthen the former elements. Mr. Molotov and his supporting Fifth Column appeal, with uncompromising ruthlessness, to cynicism, and despair. "More passion and energy is now being applied by the Cominform to wreck the Marshall plan than

by the Western European statesmen and nations to carry it to success." (The Observer editorial, Dec. 14).

Deterioration in Germany

MEANWHILE Germany, the economic heart of European economy, remains in a state of

COMMENTARY

by

VERA BRITTAIN

collapse. Without a government or co-ordinated administration, her immediate efficiency destroyed by the prolonged turmoil of de-nazification, she is unable to achieve any increased production of consumer goods. "With the Western Zone divided and the Eastern Zone hermetically closed, the efforts of Mr. Bevin to bring about unity have been ineffective," declared Mr. John Hynd at a meeting reported elsewhere on this page.

Of the chief issues before the Foreign Ministers' Conference—the prevention of further aggression by Germany; the re-building of German economy; the establishment of democratic institutions; and the

vexed problem of reparations—only the first was agreed upon even in principle, and ideas regarding the best method of preventing renewed aggression are as diametrically opposed between East and West. The one believes in totalitarian repression imposed from above, while the other hopes for reconstruction, rehabilitation, and the gradual elimination of those tragedies and grievances which make even modern war acceptable to men and women who have nothing to lose but their lives.

In the meantime, illustrating more clearly than ever before in history St. Paul's thesis that if one member suffers all the others suffer with it, the recovery of even the more prosperous European countries continues to be handicapped. Rotterdam and Antwerp, once the great outlets for Western Germany, struggle without success to regain their former commercial status among the ports of Europe. The steel industry of Luxembourg, basis of the Grand Duchy's economy, vainly awaits its pre-war quota of coal from the Ruhr.

The Big Four deadlock

TO all but the wishful thinkers who have eyes and see not, the Soviet intention of perpetuating chaos should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX)

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A PRACTICAL STEP

THE greatest danger to democracy in this country comes not from the Fascists (whose suppression is now demanded by Tribune and New Statesman), nor even the Communists (whose suppression is not demanded by Tribune or New Statesman, presumably because they agree with nationalisation), but from those who take democracy for granted. There are many such people at large. Their complacency, however, is shown less by their indifference to anti-democratic propaganda than their indifference to democratic education.

Never was the need for clear thought on political philosophy more urgent than it is today; and never did more polemical mendacity and braying ignorance masquerade as political philosophy. That a sovereign electorate should have some knowledge of national and world-affairs—that the blind operation of self-interest can no longer be allowed to determine the complexion of governments—is becoming fairly generally acknowledged, and the BBC deserves the highest praise for its growing concentration on informative broadcasts. But what justification is there for sovereign electorates in the first place? And what does "sovereignty" mean? It is questions like these that require to be studied more and more, and the people should be equipped to answer them.

For this reason we want to draw attention to two excellent books which Messrs. Harrap & Co. have issued in the last two months: the second volume of their "Masters of Political Thought," edited by E. McChesney Sait, and Prof. Montgomery McGovern's "From Luther to Hitler."

Both these are histories of political philosophy: the first in the form of copious extracts from the works of outstanding thinkers, from Machiavelli to Bentham, connected by a running commentary on the part of Prof. W. T. Jones; the second, a detailed examination of the authoritarian-étatist tradition in European philosophy. But if anyone should think that sounds academic—put off, perhaps, by previous text-books on the subject—let him put the idea right away. We must give the Devil his due: the rise of Fascism and the War have brought political philosophy out of the cloister, and better books are being written on it today than ever before.

The question arises, whether, now that different ideals of the State have embodied themselves in hostile Great Powers, and so much depends on a true understanding of each by the other, political philosophy should not cease altogether to be the specialist subject it has so long been treated as in Universities; whether it ought not to assume the place assigned it by Rousseau in "Emile," as the culmination of our educational curriculum?

A discussion of this topic would be very profitable and timely. It deserves consideration by the Central Advisory Councils for Education in England and Wales. In the meanwhile we recommend our readers to see that the two books we have mentioned are on the shelves of all public libraries, if only in order that they may study them themselves.

THE ANATOMY OF THE CRISIS

II. The Perils of Peace

IN 1945 the people of Britain could be excused for thinking that the worst of their troubles were over, and that somebody was going to be responsible for their future, if not themselves. For in that year the Labour Party was voted into power with an overwhelming majority.

People were sick, and rightly sick, of the black past of Toryism. The Labour Party came along bearing the red flag of Socialism, slightly faded, with "Let Us Face the Future" writ large upon it. Over two years of Labour rule have shown us that the red flag of Socialism is soiled as well as faded, possibly because of its close contact with the Union Jack during the Coalition.

The leaders of the Labour Party have failed to appreciate the elementary fact that in order to face the future it is necessary to turn one's back on the past. To cover up its inability to deal with the problems besetting it, the Government can only resort to the feeble plea that the Tories would be even worse, which is true but irrelevant. To claim credit for being a little better than the Tories is a sad end to the great adventure of British Socialism. Even the publicans could claim as much.

Fate of Socialism

Perhaps it is not the end of the adventure. But if the fate of Socialism depends upon the Labour Party, the end is clearly not far off. The anti-militarism of Keir Hardie and the founders of the Socialist movement has been abandoned by men who, as suggested earlier, are in any case prevented from fulfilling it, because, if they did so, they would condemn their own past activities and loyalties.

Consequently, we find conscription imposed upon those for whom the world was saved, and a vast expenditure of men and materials upon the armed forces at a time when industrial conscription is found to be necessary and frantic appeals have to be made to obtain recruits for vital industries.

In a recent article in the New Statesman, Mr. Geoffrey Bing, MP, reveals that the total net strength in the Forces and those employed directly by the Forces as on Oct. 1, 1947, is 2,120,000.

This violation of all the principles of morality and Socialism, this industrial sabotage, is, of course, approved by the Opposition, although it purports to differ on certain details. Fundamentally, in fact, there is little difference between the present policies of the Labour and Conservative Parties.

Even the principle of nationalisation is now accepted by the Tories—naturally enough, for in the modern age capitalism requires the organisation and backing of the State. The

—CYRIL HUGHES—

commenced his series of three articles last week by reviewing some of the factors—the policy of unconditional surrender being among them—which have led to this country's present difficulties. Next week he will conclude this series by pointing to the choice before the nation — "Guns or Butter."

former owners of industry have little to fear from the State's owning the industry as long as they, in their turn, by the transfer of shares, own the State.

The greatest disservice the Labour Party has done to the rising generation is to create the impression that Socialism consists of nationalising the ice-cream industry and controlling the price of corsets. Nationalisation is not, and never has been, Socialism.

The real point at issue between the Labour and Tory Parties is not the policy to be administered, but the question of who is to administer it. It is a struggle for power, and in that struggle any weapon is good enough.

Timid orthodoxy

The Labour Party could, if it were true to its original purpose, strike out on a different line. But, faced with the manifold perils of peace, it seeks refuge in timid orthodoxy and continuity, on the principle that what has been proved wrong in the past is the right thing for the present. Its foreign policy is determined partly by its refusal to repudiate the legacy of Churchillism, partly by its reluctance to accept the fact that Britain is no longer a great Power.

This continuance of power politics in an age which cries out for peace politics will end, if we are lucky, in comic opera farce; if we are unlucky, in Grand Guignol tragedy. Either way, a great opportunity is being missed.

The domestic policy of the present Government becomes understandable only when we realise that it represents an attempt to administer a slightly modified form of capitalism.

The continued existence of capitalism now depends, in fact, upon the maintenance of the Labour Party in power, for capitalism could no longer exist in Britain without rigid control of economy and manpower directed by the State, and the working classes still have sufficient faith in the his-

CHRISTMAS CHEER

READERS who have supported PN so generously during 1947 will be glad to know that their efforts have not been in vain. Since the summer, circulation has been stabilised—a continuing slight decline in Britain being offset by a rise in America. For this we have to thank donors to the PN Fund on the one hand, and on the other, the War Resisters' League in New York and the American Friends, without whose co-operation circularisation would have been impossible.

PN is now just paying its way. But only just. If the Publications Manager, Harry Mister, is to launch a counter-attack, a Fighting Fund will be indispensable. Contributions from three PPU Groups this month, totalling no less than £15 17s. 6d., give us grand assurance that what is necessary will also be forthcoming. Our warmest thanks go to readers, with all good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

THE EDITOR.

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toric basis of the Labour Party to submit to restrictions and impositions from the Labour Government which they would never accept from the Tories.

Britain's actual rôle in world politics today is that of an amiable but blundering dotard attempting to put out a fire with gunpowder. Such a rôle requires the economy under which we labour, and worse, for we really cannot afford the gunpowder. In addition, the very attempt to maintain the economy will make the coming war even more certain.

A vital influence

But this is not the only rôle open to us. Even at this late stage Britain could exert a vital exemplary influence upon the nations of the world. The immediate and voluntary abandonment of power politics and the instrument of power politics by Britain would be a shining act of sanity in a mad world, an act which might turn world war into world peace, and would certainly relieve the domestic structure of the country of a tremendous burden. It should be the first task of every responsible man and woman to achieve this aim.

Meanwhile, life goes on, and peace goes on, painfully dragging the cost of war along with it. The effect is felt in every home.

Mr. Dalton, the late Chancellor, in what was perhaps an earlier moment of indiscretion, stated in the House of Commons on Nov. 26, 1946, that, "... broadly speaking, the whole of the National Debt since 1914 is due to war."

The National Debt in 1946 was £23,636,520,000. In ordinary, practical life the meaning of this unimaginable sum is that a household of three persons pays 11s. 2d. weekly in interest alone. It is as well to know these things. War, it appears, does pay somebody. The only consolation is that after the next war there is likely to be no National Debt. There is likely to be no nation.

comment concerning Jews liable to conviction as incitement of "racial animosity" or anti-semitism would be in effect to favour the Jews in our midst with special privileges and protection by what would amount also to racial discrimination against our own gentile people. (No abuse of Scotsmen, Welshmen or even Irishmen would, as you know perfectly well, be taken seriously under such a charge!) To class such criticism with obscenity—Really! — and to suggest that injustices consequent might be preferable to the "evils" for which Mr. Caunt was responsible, is surely to have forgotten all sense of proportion.

If Jews are unfairly criticised by the irate Editor of one small local paper out of all the Press of Britain, they have surely abundant means of refuting such charges. There are plenty of Jewish journalists. It is open to PN, the Jewish Chronicle or any impartial or pro-Jewish newspaper to challenge Mr. Caunt to substantiate his statements. As Editor of his local paper he, presumably knows his own borough, if not Britain at large. If he cannot produce supporting evidence he stands self-convicted of vile and mischievous slander. But if he can produce facts, what then? Will shutting our eyes to them further our peace?

DION BYNGHAM.

Another danger

WHILE Kathleen Lonsdale readily admits the dangers of atomic energy for war purposes, is she equally aware of the dangers involved in its industrial application? Our atomic scientists have ignored or pooh-poohed the allegations of Bob Edwards and Mr. Turton of the Chemical Workers union that their members at various plants have been suffering from a mysterious illness. Indeed, we read that Dorothy Barns, 31, who in November, 1946, filed a suit for £50,000, claiming that she suffered radio-activity while on atomic research, has since died.

Are our atomic scientists ignorant of the fact that in USA a large hospital had to be built to house casualties from the Manhattan project, and that annex after annex had to be added. Laboratory experiments have shown that atomic radiation can induce deep cancerous growths, sterility, and have disastrous effects on the whole reproductive processes producing mutations in the genes.

There was at Clearwater in the Gulf of Mexico floating up the Florida coast an island of dead fish 60 miles long and 25 miles wide. Water drains from the Oak Ridge plant into the Gulf of Mexico. Together with the abovementioned fact

consider that it was and still is contemplated running radio active effluent at Harwell into the Thames which passes through a city of eight million inhabitants.

We cannot afford to leave ourselves in the hands of experts, the agricultural community placed its faith in the chemist, we now have widespread soil erosion throughout the Continents. Obviously something is happening beyond the control of the scientists who probably ignore the cumulative effect of small doses.

ALAN ALBON.

Daisygreen,
Graton, Essex.

LETTERS

"Seditious Libel"

SOME of the language used by the Editor of The Morecambe and Heysham Visitor was undeniably vehement and provocative. Possibly the unhealthy sense of constraint that has oppressed opinion on such tabooed topics contributed to the force of this delayed explosion when it did come.

But does that justify your editorial of Dec. 5 lending an ear (and voice) to those out to exploit this incident in agitating for alteration of the law? To render any word of adverse public

I STAYED WITH GANDHI

MARGARET JONES, describes a war-time visit to Gandhi's Ashram at Sevagram

I WAS first aware of an atmosphere of calm and orderliness. The houses are very simple, yet satisfying, and have a beauty all their own. They are built of local materials and differ from village houses only in so far as they admit free entry of light and air. They are kept scrupulously clean and tidy. Gandhiji has his house too, quite small, but compact, with three or four doors round the room.

Inside his room last time I was there, I remember, was a picture of Christ. I was allotted a little portion of his house in which to put my few belongings—some simple bedding in a roll and a spinning wheel. I was free to spin, to write or read any of the books in the Ashram and even to listen quietly to discussions taking place between Gandhiji and various politicians, travellers, newspaper men, villagers, and saints and sinners, as the case may be.

I was a guest and Gandhiji noticed even the smallest details pertaining to the comfort of his guests. I had no mosquito net and noticing a few tell-tale marks on my arms one morning, I was required to procure a net for myself from the Ashram supply. I did not do so, and felt that night profoundly moved when, before he went to sleep, Gandhiji noticed and sent someone to bring one over to me. He had evidently made a mental note of it.

DAWN

The day begins with prayers before dawn. A little rest, and then everyone gets up and does his morning ablutions. Most people have definite duties in the community such as watering and sweeping gardens, cleaning Gandhiji's house, preparing bread and cleaning vegetables, lighting fires and cooking a light breakfast (or *nasta* as it is called) for everyone. Then we all sit down on a long verandah for breakfast.

This done, Gandhiji visits sick friends and perhaps makes visits to one or other of the institutions inspired by him. After his massage and bath he attends to correspondence and begins to receive those who seek his advice and wish to discuss matters of importance with him. Visitors were allotted work if they wished. At Sevagram caste does not count. There Brahmins eat food prepared by low castes and outcastes. High caste people do the work which in orthodox society is assigned to

people of low caste. Castes are not even referred to. Everyone is known by his or her name.

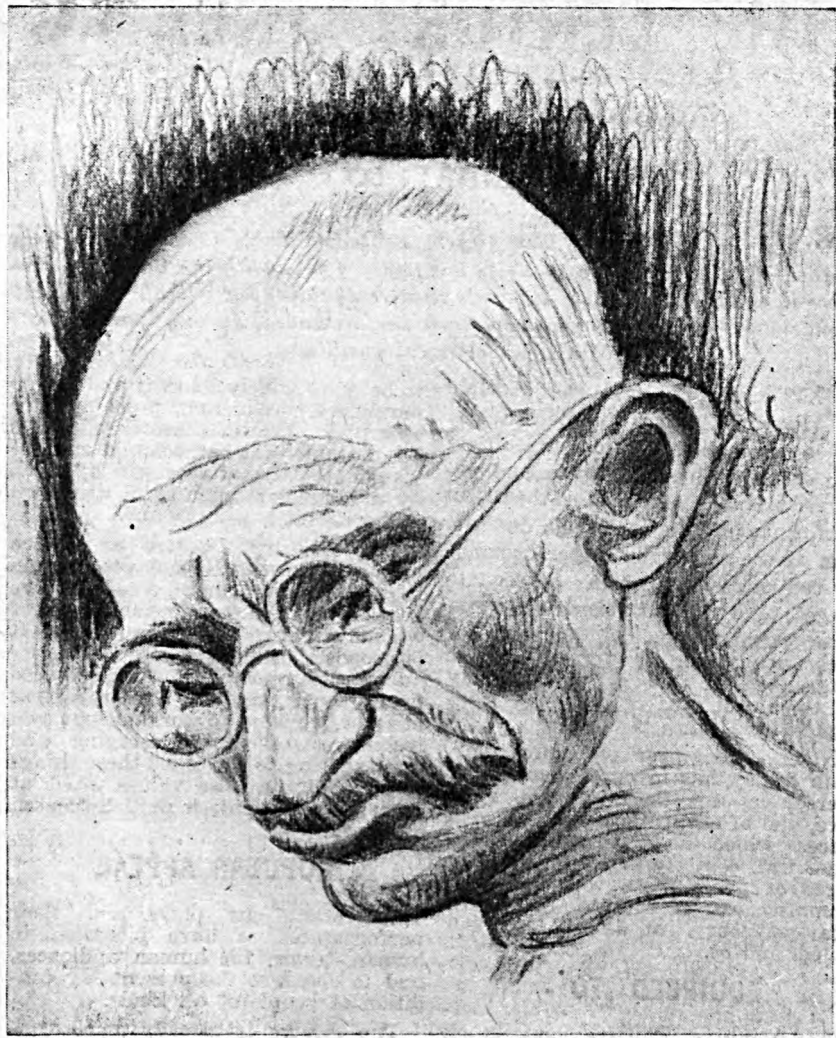
I had requested Gandhiji to give me some work and early one morning a jovial man from the South came and asked if I would help him clean out the latrines! This was quite a clean job really—the way we did it, and I have vivid memories of our songs as we worked. Songs of South India and England. What a wonderful experience to come into this little group and be accepted as their sister, for this is what I was called by them all.

After work we all bathed and changed our clothes washing our dirty ones at the same time for tomorrow's wear.

NOON

Then went the bell for our midday meal which consisted of cooked vegetables, a mixture of rice and pulse and wheat bread in the form of flat unleavened cakes the size of a saucer. A teaspoonful of ghee or clarified butter was poured over the food. We all sat in a kind of ring on grass mats on the floor. A beautiful short prayer in Sanskrit was always sung before we partook of the food. Sometimes the father of the Ashram known to us as "Bapu" would share his fresh leafy salads with us also. Food eaten, utensils had to be cleaned with ashes at a suitable place near the well. (There is an art even in cleaning dishes in India.)

Then followed a short period for rest. Soon a bell was rung calling us all to an hour of spinning in silence—a corporate, visible act of identification with the semi-starving millions who have neither enough food to eat nor clothes to wear. Amongst other things, we encourage them to produce their own cloth by spinning at home in their spare time. I myself always wore a sari prepared from my own yarn or the yarn of a villager. Gandhiji spins most of the day. He



M. K. GANDHI

This charcoal sketch was drawn for Peace News by Hans Kuhnd of Hamburg. "I send you this instead of a subscription, which I am not allowed to remit," he wrote.

draws a strong even thread, even while he is engrossed in a long discussion or a battle of wits. He wears the clothes of a peasant, which are always spotlessly clean. I have seen the anxiety of an Ashramite who was given the job of washing Gandhiji's clothes!

After this some of us studied, others spun, others again joined in some routine duties such as preparing

the evening meal.* All went about their work with a sense of purpose and sincerity.

In the early evening we had our last meal of the day, followed by a walk. Once I wanted to say a few words to Gandhiji so I walked beside him and I was surprised to find myself running before I breathlessly gasped out what I meant to say—such strides for an old man! He is like a kind of benevolent but strict old father of us all.

At sunset there is a hush over all the land broken only by the sounds of cowherds bringing the cattle home from the jungle where they have been grazing all day, or some peasants returning from a visit to a nearby marketing town or from their fields, perhaps. I always remember the sound of the little bells hung round the necks of the cattle, tinkling out their different notes as the animals passed by.

EVENING

At this time was held the Ashram evening prayers in the courtyard outside Gandhiji's house. All sat in a ring on the floor and Gandhiji sat in a place specially prepared and made more comfortable for him. He signalled for the bhajans to begin, and all listened in reverence.

Hindus, Moslems and Christians shared the prayers. Gandhiji teaches that all go to the same God, only by different paths.

He asked me to sing two of his favourite hymns: "Lead kindly Light" was the first one chosen. On another occasion I sang "When I survey the Wondrous Cross," of which Gandhi knew the words better than I.

I shall never forget the deep and real atmosphere of worship. All barriers that separate men had been removed. All were living a life of the utmost simplicity and all were working for sheer love of and belief in the work. At the end perhaps Gandhiji would give a short talk on the practical application of religion to a problem facing the Ashram, or the work, or India or the world.

After this visit I wrote to Gandhiji and told him what it had meant to me. He replied that I was to regard his ashram as a home and come there whenever I wished.

*Permanent Ashramites have their own work of service either in a nearby village or dispensing medicine and giving first-aid in the Ashram hospital or gardening.

The Dance of the Candles

SONOROUSLY the drum rumbles. Dancing feet stamp on the ground, and rising above the noise, sound shrill penetrating cries of joy.

In the hot atmosphere of the room women and girls jostle one another. In their bronzed faces the large dark eyes burn with excitement. Side by side with the dark curly locks of the girls the white headdresses of the older women intermingle. The narcotic odour of incense rises out of a copper bowl to mix with the scent of rosewater.

What is happening here? Have we been suddenly translated into another world, to an African feast in the wilderness of the desert? Indeed no, this is but the eve of a Yemenite wedding in the city of Jerusalem.

AN OLD CUSTOM

Following an old custom, on this evening the female relatives and friends of the bride meet to introduce her with ages-old ceremonies, with dancing and with songs into the new life of the woman.

Every step, every movement of the ritual is handed down from generation to generation. Tradition demands imperiously a surfeit of joy.

Joy which drives the oldest woman to join the dance and which transforms her wrinkled face, grown old in the cares of a life of heavy work.

Joy which frees the limbs of the young girls and make their feet so daintily move and their gestures as seductive as those of temple dancers.

On this evening the hard poor life of these people is carried away by a higher power and clothed in a wild beauty. More forceful than violin or flute, the drums beating challenges the spirit of joy and their tumult is carried out into the street. Still more guests are streaming into the room.

Amid all this tumult the bride alone

The Yemenite Jews have never wandered very far from Jerusalem. Back once more in the Holy City they are the strongest link in the chain that binds their race to Palestine.

is quiet and still. She sits with downcast eyes, and her head is sunken under the silver-adorned headdress. A deep melancholy lies imprinted on her features.

Is it the sadness born of separation from the old life or the foreboding of her future as a wife that like a veil clouds her countenance? Or is it perhaps merely the compelling force of customs which prescribes this strange attitude?

Now the dance of the candles has begun. Slowly, step by step the bride advances as if with bounden feet, led by two women carrying lighted candles. After a few moments she halts whilst the two women, each with a flickering candle in her hand, encircle her in a dance.

The little procession moves forward, halts again, and a new dance by two other women begins. Again forward, again interrupted to change the dancers, who take the candles from their predecessors, each introducing a dance, wilder and more ecstatic than the last.

One dancer performs a dramatic dance squatting on her haunches and elegantly balancing the lighted candle above her head. Another, a pitcher on her head, holds with her free hand the candle whose flame flickers from side to side. The clapping of hands and the frenzied cries of the onlookers accompany these artistic dances.

At last the end of the room is reached. White candles cast their light over the table stretching out of which a very high candle resembles

an exotic flower, glowing amid the other flowers.

With pomp and ceremony the bride is seated on the chair, and the important business of the dying with henna begins. The bride holds out her hands; an old woman, approaching her, daubs on to the palms a clay-like mixture which over night will stain the skin a deep red. In the eyes of the onlookers this is an erotic beautification just as attractive as the modern red-varnished fingernails.

THE SILENT BRIDE

Still and silent sits the bride with her head bowed during this ceremony, which is accomplished to the beats of the drum and the singing of the guests. As motionless as a statue she sits while her clay-besmeared hands are bound with cloths. As obediently as she lets this stage of the ceremony be completed so will she on the next morning let herself be conducted to the ceremonial bathing before the wedding, be dressed and adorned by the older women.

The festival becomes more and more merry and carefree. Turkish coffee and cakes are passed round, and then on a tray is spread the remnant of the henna mixture toward which many hands eagerly stretch. And the feast goes on.

A young girl has now got hold of the drum. She beats the instrument with graceful movements and at the same time swings into a dance. Thus she resembles one of the visionaries who were wont to dance in triumph before the people of Israel to set their hearts on fire. All are overwhelmed by an unreal enchantment.

Like a dream the present and the past merge into each other, and the ancient life rises up before them, the life of the Jewish people that has never been quite extinguished and that takes renewed fire from the dance of the candles.

By Lola Landau

THE CENTURY THEATRE

Twelve mobile units will bring drama to villages

R. H. Ward, who last August wrote a *Tabloid History of the Adelphi Players for Peace News* has joined forces with the Century Theatre in their new venture—a mobile theatre equipped on a scale which will enable the company to give repertory performances in any part of the country under ideal conditions.

EXPERIENCE with the Adelphi Players brought us persistently up against three major difficulties: the scarcity, in small towns and villages, of halls suitable for theatrical performances; the inevitable destruction of the standards of performance by the necessity of using inadequate stages; and the wearisome strain on actors and technicians, not only of daily attempting to "fit-up" these stages against time as well as play on them, but also of changing lodgings several times a week.

Now an engineer of genius, Mr. John Ridley, has invented a means of overcoming all these difficulties at once, and of ensuring to the public in places which have no professional theatrical entertainment, performances of good plays, well acted, in circumstances of comfort and technical efficiency, at a cost between 2s. 6d. and 5s.

EQUIPPED TO -

The Century Theatre consists of twelve mobile units. Six of these house a company of twelve actors and technicians, each having his individual room; two more make a dining-room and a kitchen; the remaining four make a theatre holding 214 persons.

The floor of the auditorium is raked, the seats are as comfortable as those in your local cinemas, and the theatre is heated. The stage is spacious enough to take a well-set production, lit as perfectly as any producer could reasonably wish. There are heated dressing rooms, fitted with wardrobes, and hot and cold water.

The theatre can stand anywhere that may be suitable: on the village green, in a field, on a bombed site, in the market-place. It generates its own light and power, and if need be can carry its own water supply.

THE LAST DETAIL

The whole scheme, including its advance booking and publicity arrangements has been worked out to the last detail by its ingenious inventor. Even its fire precautions comply with the L.C.C. requirements, the stiffest in Britain.

The theatre's repertory will consist of not less than three plays, chosen according to a plan which might be called the Home, Light and Third programmes: a classic which might be anything from Shakespeare to Ibsen; a tried favourite, probably a London success which still deserved

to be more widely known; and an experimental production, probably of a new play. One of these three would be suitable for schoolchildren, for whom special *matinées* will be given by arrangement with local education authorities.

The Century Theatre will be a properly constituted non-profit making organisation run on a co-operative basis by its company-members, all of whom will earn the same salary. It is proposed to bring together a permanent acting company of experienced professional players. To some extent at least, we want to work out our own techniques of acting, staging and lighting, and to try to rid these things of some of the false values which at present spoil too much British theatrical work.

POPULAR APPEAL

We want our plays and their performances to have meaning, in human terms, for human audiences, and to speak to the present-day condition of people of all kinds.

The theatre is already under construction. According to present arrangements rehearsals begin in February, 1948, and touring in April or May. But this depends upon the collection in the next few months of sufficient capital. You do not build a fully-equipped mobile theatre for 200-odd persons, together with self-contained living-quarters for twelve, at no cost. That you can do it in these days for £9,000 seems to me little short of astonishing; but such is the very careful estimate, which includes the costs of three initial productions.

A REVOLUTION

During the past months the theatre's Financial Secretary has raised in gifts and loans nearly one-third of this capital sum. The scheme appeals strongly to the public imagination—indeed, it is not difficult to see that it might bring about a revolution in popular entertainment.

Numerous organisations of every kind are helping us to publicise it; models on exhibition have attracted considerable attention; and a very encouraging number of individuals have made their contributions, small or large, to its funds. We want, in fact, to create a situation in which men and women all over the country will feel that it is their interest and generosity which has brought into being a theatre designed for them, and in which they have as real a part as those well-known persons, in-

Christmas Pastoral

HOW pathetic was the case of Mary and Joseph when the Christ-child was born in Bethlehem of Judaea! One can picture them tramping round the streets, knocking at door after door, seeking shelter for her who was so soon to become a mother, and everywhere there is the same refrain, "No room! No room!" At last in desperation they seek the hospitality of a stable, and there Mary brings forth her first-born son, wraps him in swaddling clothes, and lays him in a manger: "for there was no room for them in the Inn."

Think who He was! Think of the faith of Christendom today, that this was the Eternal Son of God come from Heaven to earth for man's salvation! Think how congregations and carollers now sing, "O come let us adore Him..." and then read again the words, "No room in the Inn."

Dr. Hugh Kerr relates how when George V was crowned King, his eldest son went to Caernarvon Castle to be received as Prince of Wales. Accompanied by the then Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, he approached the castle door. All within was still. The door was closed and barred. He knocked, and there was no answer. He knocked again, but there was no response. He knocked the third time, and the bar was drawn, the door was flung wide, and, as he entered, the castle was glorious with light, and the hall vocal with song. The Prince had come to his own, and his own received him with a singing welcome. It was not so with the Prince of Peace. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. Does it not seem absurd? It is surely incredible, and yet it is historic fact. There was no room for Him.

And is not the same sadly true today? Go to the House of Commons, and ask, "Any room here for the Prince of Peace?" and the answer comes back, "No, we are too busy passing our army, naval and air-force estimates, conscripting our boys of eighteen for human slaughter, devising plans to train our men and women for Armageddon—no room for the Christ-child here."

Go into our Churches, and put the same question there. They reply, "We have abounding faith in bloody violence to stop aggression and defend the right: no room here for the Prince of Peace." Go to the American Senate, and say, "Have you any room here for the Holy Babe?" "No," they cry, "we are so occupied with experiments with our wonderful atomic bombs, latest device for reducing the women and children of our enemies to unrecognisable pulp in defence of honour: no room for sentiment here."

Go to the Foreign Office, to the Parliaments of the world, to Jews and Arabs, to the worshippers of arid industrialism, to the man in the street, and say, "Worship you the Prince of Peace?" "No; we pin our faith to dynamite and smoking bomb to bring in a new heaven and new earth of brotherhood and sweet harmony."

When the Prince of Peace sent out His seventy messengers to proclaim His Gospel of the Kingdom of Love, He said to them, "Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, 'Peace be to this house,' and if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it." Can you claim this distinction, "a son of peace?" Or are you a son of Mars, the God of War?

Choose this Christmastide whom you will serve, The Father of universal love, or the God of hate; the "I-am-that-I-am" or Baal; the Prince of Peace, or the devil; heaven or hell; life or death.

(Rev.) EDWIN FOLEY.

TEN YEARS AGO

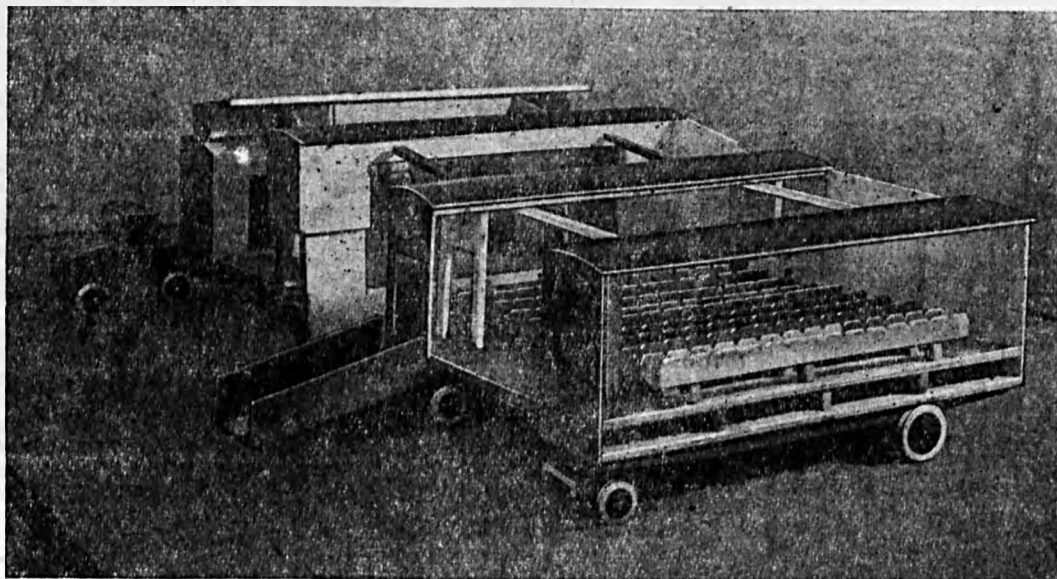
From Peace News, Dec. 18, 1937

A fine of 2,000 Austrian schillings or three months' imprisonment is the penalty for being in possession of literature of the War Resisters' International in Austria.

Reports that 37 Rumanian school-children (including girls) were tried by an Army court and given terms of imprisonment up to five years for having "endangered the security of the State," have drawn a protest from the Geneva headquarters of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Let us remember with regard to the vast population in the totalitarian States that, while our message may not reach them in any direct way, neither do their doubts and fears as to the system under which they are subjugated reach us, except in a tiny trickle, which, however, is indicative of the existence of a larger stream behind.

—Lord Ponsonby.



THE CENTURY THEATRE

Photograph of a scale model showing the layout of the auditorium.

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MUSIC & DRAMA

Handel's Messiah

HANDEL'S *Messiah* is likely to crop up at any time of the year, but at the Christmas season it is more than ever with us. I throw myself open to the sneers of the very-high-brows (if there are any among the six readers of this feature) by asserting that it is, to me, one of the grandest and most satisfying musical experiences. And what a fascination it has for us!—it can usually fill almost any hall. Very few people listen to *Messiah* only once; but thousands do so over and over again. It is something more than a concert; it is more even than any other oratorio; it is profound spiritual experience.

I know what it does to me. I have been listening to it for years, and the only thing I object to is the stupid custom (as I tell myself it is) of standing for the Hallelujah Chorus, which we do because an ignorant lout who once dis-graced the Throne of England, stood then in relief thinking the boring thing had come to an end. I usually tell myself in advance that I will not follow the silly practice, but will remain sitting. I never do, for by that time I have made an unconditional surrender to Handel the Conqueror, and to make such a gesture of protest, to break the spell for my fellow-listeners, would be an act of rape.

Almost any *Messiah* can be enjoyed (but I remember, while at Oxford, flying in terror after the first ten minutes of a local performance) but a really good one is more than enjoyed; it is absorbed.

At the Albert Hall on December 11th, the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra gave a performance under Frederic Jackson, and the vast hall was comfortably filled, as it will be again for the Boxing Day *Messiah*. The LPO performance was a triumph for Mr. Jackson, who showed a complete, immaculate and unostentatious control of chorus and orchestra, get-

ting full value from the magnificent choruses, the wonderful climaxes, the dramatic contrasts between chorus and soloists.

The less satisfactory feature was the solo work. Singing in this great wedding-cake of a hall is an unrewarding experience, but all four soloists are experienced singers who know the tremendous difficulties of the Albert Hall. On this occasion the soloists, particularly the men, succumbed too easily to these difficulties. Only Mary Jarred brought sufficient attack to her singing, and she completely won the battle with the acoustics.

But in the final event *Messiah* is above criticism. You either don't like it or you do. I do.

ROGER PAGE.

FROM THE EAST

IT is seldom one gets the opportunity of seeing some first class Indian dancing, but this was recently provided by the internationally famous Ram Gopal and his Indian Ballet Company at Princes Theatre, London.

The dances were both serious and gay. Indian dances stress movements of the hands, eyes, and muscles of the shoulders, all of which have a particular meaning. This was apparent in the Cobra Devil Dance which commenced with a slow rhythm, growing to a frenzy, as the spirit of an infuriated cobra gradually took possession of the dancer.

In contrast, the gay traditional folk dances were deliciously abandoned, the dancers sparkled. The Golden Harvest, a Festival by Moonlight, was a joyous affair in which the whole company took part, and their gaiety was shared by the audience. Some Indian dancing is so very Indian—by which I mean so completely non-Western—that the musical accompaniment to the folk dances comes as a surprise. It is not so very different in metre and rhythm to the tunes which accompany English Country dancing.

Ram Gopal took pains to explain the importance of the use of the drum in Indian ballet music. The drum or "tabla" is similar to a small whisky barrel strung horizontally round the neck of the drummer. He beats both sides (which would be the top and bottom of the "barrel") with his hands, and this continued beat is the basis of all Indian music and dancing. The art of drumming is extremely difficult and takes a very long time to perfect.

The costumes were lovely. A shimmering splendour of "cholis" and swirling skirts of emerald and silver, purple and bronze, coral and gold. A "choli" by the way, is a blouse which leaves the midriff bare... what might be called "the newest fashion note from Paris." But in India this garment is centuries old, and is usually worn with a sari.

As it has not been widely advertised, I should like to mention the

Indian Art Exhibition at Burlington House. These few opportunities of becoming acquainted with the culture of the East, do much to promote international understanding.

UMA RANI.

The next *Music and Drama* will appear on Jan. 9, and will include a special review by W. H. Gelder of St. John Ervine's play *Private Enterprise*.

Without comment: Lincoln City Council have classified as a 'Horror' film *The Birth of a Baby*, reviewed in these columns in the summer.

Clifford Evans is one of the stars in a new British film *While I Live*. He also recently produced Don Giovanni at the Cambridge Theatre, London. His production was highly praised by the critics.

A newly-published Puffin Book (1s. 6d.) called *The Theatre at Work*, by James Cleaver, is a useful introduction to young people of the behind-scenes working of the modern theatre. The book is to be recommended, although some of its drawings are unsatisfactory.

Michael Tippett's oratorio *A Child of our Time* will be given again at Central Hall, London, on March 5, 1948.

Political grading of PoWs abandoned in Middle East

POLITICAL grading is no longer to be taken into consideration in repatriating PoWs from the Middle East. This practice had continued after its abandonment in the United Kingdom. Before giving this information to the Commons recently Mr. Shinwell stated that at the beginning of December 35,000 PoWs had been repatriated from the Middle East, leaving some 61,000 to be repatriated. It is hoped, he said, to raise the rate of repatriation to an average of 5,000 a month during the first three months of next year.

THEY MAY SEND TOYS HOME

"The conditions attaching to the extra post-free parcel for Christmas are the same as those applying to the parcel which a PoW may send once every three months," said Mr. Shinwell, in answer to a question asked by Mr. Skeffington-Lodge in the Commons last week. The contents are restricted to essential relief items, such as rationed soap, toilet articles—other than shaving soap—clothing, medicines or similar articles. The parcel may also contain imperishable rationed food that may have been given to a PoW. Toys which the prisoners have made for their own children can be included in these parcels.

U.S. BARS VISITS TO YUGOSLAVIA

"As long as America denies its citizens the freedom to travel and find things out for themselves, how can it ever hope for international understanding and co-operation?"

THIS question was raised by Elisabeth McKittrick, a graduate of the University of California and Yugoslav Youth Railway Volunteer, when commenting on the fact that the U.S. State Department now prevents Americans from visiting Yugoslavia. "I am convinced," she said in a report for Worldover Press of her experiences earlier in the year when working on the Yugoslav Youth Railway, "that if America would adopt a friendly attitude towards Yugoslavia, the Yugoslavs would be more co-operative too."

"The presence of a few Americans on the Youth Railway was met with surprise and a great welcome by the Yugoslavs. They were amazed that we wanted to come and help them work. And as soon as they realised that we had no ulterior motives, they frankly liked us. They showed a deep interest in us, and wanted to know all about the United States. How much does a pair of shoes cost in our country? What is a worker's salary? Have you ever heard Benny Goodman? What do you think of the Marshall Plan?"

CAUSES OF DISTRUST

"Yugoslavia's distrust of America's economic policies in Europe can be more readily understood from a glance at her own history, between her birth as a nation in 1919 and the Second World War. During this time, such industrial enterprise as existed was financed generally by foreign capital, to the detriment of the country's own national economy. Her natural wealth was channelled to the outside world, and often brought back at a high price. The poverty of the land was augmented not only by the submission of all Yugoslavia to foreign economic colonisation, but also of the lesser provinces to Serbia, which dominated Yugoslavia politically. Now for the first time, the country is unified, organised, and ready to go forward under its Plans."

"Many people, of course, are unhappy under Tito's regime. Some are not easily reconciled to the lack of political freedom and long for the atmosphere of Western Europe. Some enjoyed a better life under the monarchy, and now blame Tito for the discomforts and shortages which are an aftermath of the war. But these form a relatively small group, as many have already fled from the country. Other elements, who feared Communism more than Fascism, have been imprisoned or shot for their collaboration with the Germans."

"However, most people (even those who might be considered conservative in Western countries) agree that in this critical time a strong leadership is necessary. All the resources of the country must be mobilized to effect Yugoslavia's recovery and development. The great programme of nationalisation appears to have been inevitable, economically; after the war, the capitalist structure had collapsed. A powerful leader is thought essential by the majority of Yugoslavs to administer a country which has never known political democracy, or laissez-faire freedom as we of the West have known it."

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HESITANT SPEAKERS and writers specially helped. Lessons (correspondence or visit) 5s. Dorothy Matthews, B.A. 32 Primrose Hill Road, London, N.W.3. PRImrose 5686.

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QUAKERISM. Information and Literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends, free on application to the Friends' Home Service Committee, Friends' House, Euston Rd., London.

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS and all good wishes to all our friends. Chris and Uraque Collis, "Pinehurst," Ilfracombe.

BIRTH

DEC. 11 TO Ivy and Harry Mister, Valerie Jane, a sister for Jeffrey and Gillian. 27 Broad Oak Ave., Enfield, Mdx.

MARRIAGES

PREUSS-RUNDLE. Married on Nov. 22, Bruno Kurt Preuss, from Königsberg, and Isa Mary Rundle, of Bristol.

IN MEMORIAM

IN LOVING memory of Elizabeth Rogers, dear wife of E. V. Rogers, who passed away at 47 Drayton Gardens, W.13, on Dec. 3 1947, after nearly 55 years of happiness together. A co-worker with her husband in all that made for peace. She was cremated at Mortlake. Ashes will be kept to be mixed together and scattered out at sea as were George and Mrs. Lansbury's.

SITUATIONS VACANT

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Young Russia is waiting

COMMENTARY CONTINUED

now surely be clear. At the stormy meeting of the Foreign Ministers last Friday, Mr. Molotov put forward in an hour-long statement the Soviet demand "to fix reparations for the USSR at \$10,000,000,000, the Soviet Union satisfying the claims of Poland from its share." His country, he said, was not asking but demanding.

In reply, Mr. Marshall commented that Mr. Molotov's remarks were "designed for another audience and quite another purpose. . . . Such a method of procedure makes it difficult to inspire respect for the dignity of the Soviet Government." Mr. Bevin added: "We did not dream that we should be subjected to insults and abuse in the way we have been today. . . . After repeated denials and explanations, the same untrue statements are repeated as though they had never been answered." (The Times, Dec. 13).

Russia and peace

IN last week's Commentary Hugh Schonfield inquired how "all this" affects the peace movement, putting forward "a new, unexampled, sacrificial demonstration of a better order" as the only worth-while expedient. Undoubtedly such an unshaken manifestation of the Christian ethic is the right long-term solution, a short-term solution, however, may be found in the simple method of playing for time.

This was the belief of an eminent American theologian who sponsored a broadcast on Europe which I gave in the USA last year. He had recently visited Russia, where he had made a practice of discreet friendship with his young interpreters. His conversations with them had given him the belief that reaction against the present régime—inevitably hidden, but smouldering beneath the surface—is rising amongst the younger generation of Russians, ready to burst into flame if only a new war does not precede the advancing moment of opportunity.

Doubtless the Russian people are as varied, and as individually approachable, as the people of every other nation. To choose, to take sides, is a normal expression of human variety, and since the fall of Hitler we have seen in Germany that though personal allegiances may be suppressed for years, they will survive torment and terror and are destructible by nothing less than death itself.

The moment at which the Russian people will have an opportunity to rend apart the stifling repressiveness of Soviet unity may be no further away than the death or retirement of Stalin. Mr. Molotov, for all his 27 years of Party representation in official posts, is only one of four conspicuous candidates for the succession. Once the existence of choice is recognised, however limited its field, the normal forces of conflict regain their function and their consequences may be incalculable.

The devaluation of the Russian currency announced on Monday with its return to what the City Editor of the News Chronicle calls "the classic capitalist system," may well indicate internal shakiness. The simultaneous abolition of rationing, which might otherwise suggest returning prosperity, in this case adds to the picture of laissez-faire economics.

At least there are signs that, despite the present deadlock, Western Germany is ready to make its contribution. It was reported in Frankfurt last Saturday that the German

Länder leaders of the combined British-American Zones have drafted a proposed Constitution, providing for a loose federation of the Länder in two and possibly three of the Western Zones if the London Conference fails to bring unity. (The Observer, Dec. 14.).

Stanley Baldwin

EARL BALDWIN, of Bewdley, three times Prime Minister, who died on Sunday, had many pacific virtues. He was tolerant, courteous, kindly—the "typical Englishman" whom cartoonists loved to portray as a countryman with a pipe. But the long-term verdict of history is likely to give him associations less creditable than his private character. His favourite slogan was "Safety First"; through escapism he becomes responsible for the policy of weak provocation which so largely contributed to Europe's descent into war. He and Archbishop Lang, of Canterbury, were also the individuals most deeply concerned in Edward VIII's abdication and the excitement that surrounded it—a period which recalls Macaulay's Essay on Moore's Life of Byron: "We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality."

Beatrice Webb

ON Friday Dec. 12 a brief and dignified ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey, which did not receive as much attention as it should have done from women's organisations. At Evensong that afternoon, the ashes of Beatrice and Sidney Webb were interred in the North Aisle of the Nave at the foot of the Memorial to Charles James Fox near the grave of the Unknown Warrior. The presence of the two small white caskets, symbolically standing side by side as wife and husband had stood in life, was due mainly to the persistence of George Bernard Shaw, who in three letters to The Times urged that the Webb's deserved to join the illustrious company of those who lie within our national shrine. "He wants to be in good company when he goes there," commented a fellow-member of the congregation.

This is, I believe, the first occasion on which a woman has been buried in the Abbey on account of her own achievements, as distinct from hereditary title. But when I remarked to a former member of the Suffragette campaign that women should have been represented at the Abbey in force, she said it was difficult to feel enthusiasm since Beatrice Webb had been no special friend of the women's movement. "Though I have always been a feminist, it would seem to me as logical for the Quakers to complain that they could not admire the art of Augustus John because he is not a Friend. Undoubtedly the support of Beatrice Webb would have been of great value to woman suffrage, and its exponents were justified in deploring her indifference. But the accomplishment of a great architect of social justice remains her accomplishment, whatever may have been her sins of omission in other fields of constructive intelligence."

Women in India

I WAS none the less glad to see how many outstanding women of different loyalties and denominations united to sign the British Women's Appeal for Women and Children in India and Pakistan, organised by Lady Hartog and others in support of the appeal made by the British Red Cross Society for immediate relief work in the two Dominions.

No less than 131 women, representing education, literature, art, politics, and social work, put their names to this document which draws special attention to "the condition of women and children, countless numbers of whom are undergoing acute suffering and privation as the result of the tragic events of the past months. As winter advances the flight of refugees, uprooted from their homes in the vast migrations from East to West and West to East, grows daily more pitiable."

We may hope that the response to this appeal, inspired by the Christmas spirit, will be as prompt and representative as that of the signatories. Contributions marked "Women and Children" should be sent to the British Red Cross Society, 14 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS?

"It was learned last night that Lt.-Gen. Sir Wilfrid Lindell, who during the war organised several large-scale movements of men and supplies, is to be Chief Executive of the Winter Transport Executive Committee, and will be actively concerned in the drive to ensure quicker turn-round of railway wagons."

—Daily Telegraph, Nov. 28, 1947.

"Annual camps during 1948 and 1949 are to be of only eight days' duration. The Territorial Army soldier is to commute the balance of seven days into 28 additional training periods in his drill hall. . . . In these difficult days, vital industries cannot spare their workers for more than eight days in annual camp."

—Daily Telegraph, Nov. 29, 1947.

"Army mine-detectors are being used in Norfolk to locate metal objects and other foreign bodies swallowed by cows."

—Daily Telegraph, Dec. 2, 1947.

"Lt.-Gen. T. O. Thompson, until recently Director-General of Medical Services in India has been released by the War Office to become British Red Cross Commissioner for Relief Work in India and Pakistan."

—Daily Herald, Dec. 3, 1947.

"Army walkie-talkie radio may revolutionise mining rescue operations following an experiment in underground radio communications at Catherine Pit."

—News Chronicle, Dec. 8, 1947.

It is hoped that the Admiralty, anxious not to be behindhand in this new trend, will dismantle the "Vanguard" to ease the steel shortage.

A PPU ESSAY COMPETITION

THE Immediate Issues Committee of the Peace Pledge Union feel that there is need for a new pamphlet of some 7,000 words which would state the case for pacifism as put, say, by a member of the PPU to the person who is often described as the man-in-the-street. They propose therefore, to make such a pamphlet the subject of competition, though an unusual one, because no prize will be given. They hope that the writing of the pamphlet would be its own reward, and the publication of the best received be an additional gratification to the writer.

Ms. must be received before April 1, 1948, and should be addressed to the General Secretary, Dick Sheppard House, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

Words of Peace - No 230 RHYTHM

THOSE of old who wished to make illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their own characters. Wishing to cultivate their own characters, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first made their intentions sincere. Their intentions being sincere, after their hearts were rectified. When their hearts were rectified, their characters were cultivated. When their characters were cultivated, their families were regulated. When their families were regulated, their states were well ordered. When their states were well ordered, the empire was at peace.

—From the Ta Hsüeh (Great Learning), as translated by Victor Purcell in "Chinese Evergreen."

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Huxley dissected

Mysticism and Aldous Huxley, by D. S. Savage. Yonkers, New York.

HERE is a most discerning and timely criticism of Huxley's intellectual mysticism. At a time when theology is resuming its rightful place as "queen of the sciences" — albeit under the name of ideology — it is necessary that theories, whether new or, as in the case of Huxley's, as old as Minichieism, should be submitted to such searching scrutiny. Mr. Savage seems eminently equipped to write a book on Huxley, sorting out his excellent sociological, from his very misleading theological thought. Shelley on the Vegetable System of Diet, with an introduction by Hugh Fausset. Daniel, 1s. 6d.

"HABITS of indigestion are peculiarly favourable to stupidity, and the consequences of a fit of drunkenness are inimical to intellectual exertion. It is impossible to dispute a fact of which every fireside circle affords more than one melancholy example." Written in Shelley's 18th Century rationalist style and period, this essay argues that erroneous reasoning being the source of all our woes, the adoption of vegetarianism would speed us on the way of progress. As one of the curiosities of vegetarian history, it has been attractively produced by the London Vegetarian Society, and Mr. Fausset's introduction has the merit of taking Shelley seriously, even though he falls into the traditional error of stating that Jupiter, in Prometheus Unbound, is "inexplicably overthrown Unbound, is 'inexplicably overthrown'—when the whole poem is a detailed explanation!" F.A.L.

Further Adventures in Fellowship. This is a record of the work done at Kingsley Hall, Powis Rd., Bow, London, during the war years and up to 1947. With a Nursery School, Primary, Schoolgirls' and Schoolboys' Clubs, Scouting, Youth and Adult Clubs, no-one is left out. Now, the latest aim is to form the nucleus of an international centre.

NEXT WEEK

PEACE NEWS WILL
BE PUBLISHED ON
WEDNESDAY DEC 24

Palestine: The Way Out. Common Wealth, 44 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. 6d.

In spite of recent developments, what Common Wealth has to say on this problem is still important. It is not yet proved that partition will finally settle the fate of Palestine. Instead, this organisation advocates "A bi-national State with the ultimate objective of that State working within the framework of a democratic federation of Middle East States."

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